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Harold E. "Mc"Stassen by Harold L. Ickes—page 15

New Republic

HALLEY'S CRUSADE

The campaign against the Big Fix in New York

The Strange Case of Louis Budenz

Kennan's American Diplomacy

Reviewed by Hans Morgenthau

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Letters

Ethical Investigations

● A few months ago Senator Fulbright in a speech before the Senate suggested that a commission of eminent citizens be appointed to study the problem of ethical standards of conduct in public affairs. Investigatory commissions have long been a part of the American method of conducting government either as a means of holding the Administration to some kind of accountability or of airing problems confronting the nation. Most of these commissions have been Congressional ones, such as the Kefauver Committee on National Crime and the MacArthur Inquiry, to name some of the more recent ones.

It is obvious, however, from this past Congress' poor record of legislative achievement that too much of our legislators' time is occupied by these duties and that this work must be relegated elsewhere. It is only fitting that the important problems of our country be entrusted to the eminent and brilliant men and women of the nation—men like Robert Hutchins, Owen Roberts, Walter Reuther, George Marshall and Learned Hand, to mention a few.

It is important, however, that such commissions have the reputation for handing down well-considered, impartial solutions to problems they are delegated to investigate. This reputation must be earned, of course, but to a great degree it can be imbued by providing machinery for the establishment of such a commission. This would give a feeling of permanency, prestige and, eventually, tradition that would enable the people of the nation to regard decisions rendered with the same deference shown to Supreme Court rulings. At the same time there must be a solid basis for this respect which can only be accomplished by the careful selection of the men and women serving on these commissions. It is not enough to bring to bear the most brilliant minds of the nation on a problem. Care must be taken to assure that all aspects of the problem be explored. This can be achieved by appointing men of professed liberal, conservative and moderate views if the problem be political in nature; and those opposed, in favor of, and unbiased toward the problem if it be one of social legislation. As many permutations and combinations should be sought as are practicable. And since these men will be of the highest calibre and will be seeking not to prove one faction or the other correct, but to determine the truth, the recommendations proposed will not be merely a compromise solution. Instead, there will emerge from such an investigation a solution of so high an order that no one mind, however brilliant, could possibly attain it by itself.

If the foregoing seems too idealistic or impossible of attainment, it must be pointed out that this is a proved and workable idea. The British Royal Commissions have as their basis the concepts outlined above. And if it is argued that there is no compulsion for Parliament to implement the decisions rendered, as there would be none for Congress with the national commissions proposed herein, it is significant to note that *no* findings of a Royal Commission have ever been totally disregarded. Sometimes many years elapse and occasionally changing conditions have made inappropriate the findings, but His Majesty's Government has always found it necessary to reckon with the commission's reports. There is no reason to assume that equally spectacular results could not be attained in this country if we adhere to the principles involved.

New York City GEORGE R. WOOLFE

Modern Poetry

● Upton Sinclair has raised a much-needed voice in protest of what is called "modern" poetry. In this, our terrible age of reality, we scoff at imagery so that what in the past has been the most powerful way of the poet to make himself clear to us, has been reduced to blank verse that leads us to blank walls.

Rhythmic expression culled from the utmost depth of our emotions can never be adopted in prose form. And what we see as modern poetry is prose tortured into clever stops. The true test is "elevation." And elevation cannot be achieved without form, without stress. The great poets have used the same metrical forms through the ages. This was not for want of the trouble to invent new ones, but because the great poetic instinct reaches for that form which his instinct tells him is the right and natural one for his language to move into. The beauty of our experience is that each poet, while he adds to his authority by using these traditional forms, is able to create in them his own sense of rhythm for our never ending delight. Swinburne is our best example. How poor we would be without his example of rhythm and form. And Shelley and Keats and Tennyson. Each great genius wrote in his own inspired and distinctive way, but they all worked to the same end. None of them is difficult to read and each of them has left us an immortal soundboard for our souls.

There is room for blank verse in our literary searchings. But let us admit that it comes from the lazy drowsiness of a possibly great poet and it should be underscored and accepted as poetic exercise, but never as a finished form of art.

Philadelphia, Pa. S. BERYL LUSH

Voters Should Organize

● May I add a footnote to John A. Harrison's letter (*NR*, Aug. 20) wherein he cites his discouragement in writing Senators and Representatives.

There is a technique in writing Senators and Representatives in a democratic government such as ours which touches deep in the heart of our freedom and liberty. In the same measure that we fail to understand the techniques of liberty and freedom in writing our Congressman, do we fail to obtain results.

In the first place, our government has grown so big that it is utterly impossible to operate either the Congress or the Executive establishment on a personal or individual basis. On substantial political questions only the *organized* minority groups are willing to do the hard work

(*Continued on page 4*)

Bandwagon

Hollywood Dialectics

"I think that incident with Tone may help my career," Neal said. "After all, I didn't do anything wrong like being named a Communist. . . . " – *From a story by Aline Mosby, UP Hollywood correspondent.*

Every Man a Finn

Then there's the question of health and entertainment for yourself and your family. Do you know that for two or three thousand dollars it is possible to build your own private Finnish steam bath into your home? This article, complete with details, costs, etc., will be interesting to almost everybody. – *From an advertisement for* Gentry *magazine*

"A Dim Religious Light"

"During my first couple of years in pictures," she [Jane Powell] recalls, "I was one of the unhappiest girls in the world. I was a newcomer to Hollywood and didn't know any boys. Though I did all the things—like going to church—that you do when you want to meet men, I sat home night after night. . . ." – *From the Chicago* Sun-Times

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

PRESIDENT TRUMAN, at Winston-Salem, N. C., has told Stalin again that America believes it can "live, without a war, in the same world as the Soviet Union." This follows a recent declaration from Stalin that Russia's new atomic bomb should not frighten Americans because it is meant for "peace."

There is a bare possibility that a new peace try may be shaping. Churchill looks like the next British Prime Minister, and he favors it. He may make a first-hand approach to Stalin in Moscow himself, if elected. At the same time the Communists have resumed their off-again, on-again peace talks in Korea. After breaking off negotiations, they have recommenced them. This indicates a vacillation in Moscow-Chinese policy that might be significant. It is a basic State Department theory that as the West gets stronger Moscow will sooner or later be willing to sit down and talk turkey. The West's strength has steadily increased. Has the time come for agreement? The honest answer is probably not; yet it is likely to come sometime. The Truman declaration means: "Uncle Joe, we are ready to call off the arms race any time you are."

Senate Democratic leader Ernest McFarland wants Congress to quit this weekend, which probably means it will do so in another fortnight or so. The record of the first session of the 82nd Congress is what practically every informed person expected when it was elected, namely, disgraceful. Its record shows, as clearly as anything could, the make-believe nature of the current governmental set-up. The voters were told they had put power into the hands of one majority party—the Democrats; every informed person knew, of course, that there was one force in control of the executive and another in control of Congress (a conservative coalition). The USA is the only big country with this quaint system of built-in antagonism between executive and legislative. The latest example is not the exception; it is the usual procedure. If we could tighten up party discipline and make the two parties stronger and more responsible, there would be some chance that platform pledges would mean something after elections were over. A committee of learned professors of the American Political Science Association is hammering away at that idea. This Congress will leave town having ignored social welfare pledges of both parties in the 1948 and 1950 campaigns and having done little to withstand inflation. Instead of legislation it gave us the MacArthur inquiry.

The taxpayers didn't say so directly, but they have just voted for inflation. Congressmen put their sensitive ears to the ground and decided that the public wouldn't stand for the budget-balancing tax bill which Truman asked. So instead Congress is approving the pending bill to raise only half as much. This means that the nation drops the pretense of "pay-as-you-go," that the Treasury goes in the red and that the subsequent inflation will raise the money which Congress didn't dare to vote directly by depreciating the dollar. Dollar depreciation is, of course, a capital levy. It is a very effective way of getting money because it works stealthily and automatically. It sneaks the value out of your insurance policy or out of your pot of dollars wherever you have buried it. It was amusing to hear Old-Guard Sen. Harry Byrd (D, Va.) argue against full-scale taxes to balance the budget. He said the nation "can't stand it." The answer, of course, is that inflation will cost a whole lot more in the long run. But rich people are better able to protect themselves against it than poor people.

This is Bob Taft's third and last chance to be President. If he doesn't get it now he will probably quit politics.

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In the latest drive he will have the ultimate support of General MacArthur, and a double play between them is in the works. Taft will toss in his hat shortly and force the pace for the hesitating Eisenhower. Taft has just achieved a major flip-flop in engineering the defeat of the emergency bill to aid medical schools. They are in desperate plight. The country hasn't enough doctors, but the schools can't afford to train more with the present funds. Taft forces sidetracked the Pastore bill to spend $300 million over five years to aid these schools. On March 12, Taft told the Senate: "I advocated the passage of this bill in nearly every speech I made in Ohio in the last election." Having got elected, however, he sadly opposes the bill because the nation can't "afford" it right now. Taft is a wealthy man, far above fiscal corruption. Yet now comes the "Medical Committee of the Draft Taft Clubs of America" urging the nation's doctors to organize to elect Taft. Each one should subscribe a "minimum" of $10 to repay Taft for what he has done against "socialized medicine."

A Republican election sweep under the glamorous Eisenhower would have one result which liberal supporters of Ike hate to think about. It would help re-elect a whole class of isolationist Republican Senators on the coat-tails of the victorious general. Ike might repudiate McCarthy in Wisconsin (and probably would), but here are some of the Republicans coming up for re-election next year. Many see exactly opposite to Ike on foreign affairs and would fight him after his name had helped elect them: Bricker (Ohio), Butler (Nebr.), Cain (Wash.), Ecton (Mont.), Jenner (Ind.), Kem (Mo.), Langer (N. Dak.), McCarthy (Wis.), Malone (Nev.), Martin (Pa.) and Watkins (Utah). They include the isolationists of the Senate.

Notes: It's only a question of time until Guy Gabrielson follows Bill Boyle. . . . The Senate will duck a confirmation vote on Ambassador Philip Jessup to spare the embarrassed Republicans from taking sides on McCarthyism; Jessup can serve briefly on an interim appointment.

Washington, D. C. T. R. B.

CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 2*)

that is necessary if they expect to be heard at all.

Therefore, every liberty- and freedom-loving citizen must confine himself to his specific self-interest if he wants to get the best results in government. This means that he must associate himself with others who have a similar self-interest.

Congressmen are forced to adopt the vague technique in their letter-writing to constituents because Congressmen have to be as vague as the voters to make each voter think that the Congressman is for him.

If you belong to an organized minority group, you should take an active part in the work of the group and you will then know when and what to write your Congressman.

If you belong to a minority group and believe its program is reasonable, workable and sound, but your Congressman will not listen to reason, don't worry too much about what he writes you in vague letters, but watch closely how he votes. If he persists in being in opposition to your organization program, then your organization should consider what steps, if any, should be taken to defeat him at the next election.

This again involves action on your part to defend your liberty and freedom. If your organization deems it necessary, you should be willing to do your part in your own neighborhood and district toward sending a man to Congress who does care.

Unfortunately, democracy succeeds only to the extent that its citizens are willing to work at and defend their franchise intelligently. Too many American citizens are unwilling to take a definite stand and then work for it. But they also are the ones who cry the loudest, because "the wheel that does the squeaking is the wheel that gets the grease."

If your local newspaper does not print the votes of Congressmen from your state once a week while Congress is in session, you should bring organized pressure to urge them to do so. The same applies when your state legislature is in session.

Alhambra, Calif. C. HUFFMAN

Truman vs. Eisenhower

● *New Republic* readers of intelligence and independence have "nominated" able and progressive men for President on the Democratic ticket. The *New Republic* has wisely encouraged such nominations. Truman's candidacy is a scandal, and his nomination would be a little short of a national calamity. . . .

Truman could never beat Eisenhower. The latter is no superman, and it is undesirable, on general principles, to put a soldier into the White House. One thing is still certain—Eisenhower as President would consult the best minds of the country before deciding on any course of action, and play neither partisan, factional nor personal politics at the expense of the common good. His record at Columbia University and his personality seem to assure the exercise of the negative virtues at any rate. That alone would constitute a tremendous moral and political gain.

La Jolla, Calif. VICTOR S. YARROS

The Smith Act

● Referring to "The Tragedy of the Supreme Court" by Eugene Gressman (*NR*, Sept. 3): the Smith Act makes it a felony to attempt or to conspire to overthrow the government of the United States by force or violence. Is it Mr. Gressman's opinion that the Supreme Court was in error in upholding the law? He appears so to indicate; but in my opinion the decision of the Court on that point is in accord with common sense as well as being in line with prior decisions of the same Court.

It seems to me, however, that the Court might with propriety have reviewed the whole case of the Communists instead of granting certiorari only in the point of the constitutionality of the Smith Act. Then the question whether participation of the defendants in a criminal conspiracy had been satisfactorily proved would have had to be determined.

On this point it seems to me that on further consideration of the case it might have been held that, in the absence of proof that the defendants did not themselves advocate the overthrow of our government by force or violence, there should not be imputed to them what Karl Marx and Nicolai Lenin said on this point for these reasons: (1) it does not seem that this particular part of the communistic doctrine was directed to a country which by its constitution presented means of acceptance by vote of the communistic doctrine; and (2) even if it did, there is too large a gap between premise and conclusion to prove the guilt of the defendants.

It is therefore good to learn from Mr. Gressman's article that refusal of certiorari has not the same value as a precedent as the case would have if the point had been argued, considered, and passed on unfavorably to the defendants.

The conviction of these defendants bears to my mind too close an analogy, or at least resemblance, to the cases of the Roman Catholics in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, on the reasoning that because the Pope had purported to depose the Queen anyone could be convicted of treason upon proof that he believed in, and practiced the rites of, the Roman Catholic Church.

Berkeley, Calif. CHARLES B. COLLINS

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THE CHANCES FOR PEACE IN KOREA

IN A TENT by the mud huts of Panmunjom the truce talks are on again. Ten thousand UN prisoners, without winter clothing in North Korean camps, await the outcome; so do a million soldiers who face another Korean winter; so do peoples on both sides who know that if the war continues it may spread.

For all the charges and counter charges, both sides have negotiated in good faith. If not, the Chinese as much as the UN have reason to complain. They entered the negotiations believing that the UN would settle for a restoration of the *status quo ante*. For the Chinese, if not for the Russians, that would have been a moral victory. Instead the UN delegation ruled out a return to the 38th Parallel. On two tests of strength the Communists accepted defeat.

Then the Chinese broke off negotiations. The sincerity of their anger and confusion is proved by the fact that time has worked against them. The "Paper Tiger" has torn apart two Chinese armies since the talks broke off. The UN blockade has forced China's major industry, her textile mills, to close down for six weeks. At Kaesong, a cease-fire agreement could have recorded only a military stalemate. At Panmunjom it may record a limited UN victory.

Our military position is stronger at Panmunjom. But it is not in our interest to press our advantage too far. Whether the border between the free world and the Communist world is set at the present lines, or at the waist of Korea, or at the Yalu River, the armies of our enemy will not be destroyed, and the threat of renewed attack will remain.

Is it in the Communists' interests to acknowledge a limited defeat? The war has never been popular in China. The Chinese Communists know now that, wherever they strike, they confront the military power of the US. Since they cannot win in Formosa, they have a clear interest in calling off their adventure. Yet, even if they forsake the 38th Parallel, two further substantive issues on the cease-fire agenda remain. Of these, the exchange of prisoners can be settled. But the right of UN inspectors to travel through North Korea, which the UN seeks as a guarantee against further aggression, is a demand which strikes at the extreme sensitivity of the Communists in denying all access to their border areas.

If the truce talks go badly, they will be attacked from three sides in the non-Communist nations.

One group will propose that to reach agreement we settle for the *status quo ante*. That is the position taken by Walter Lippman, by Nehru and by the London *Times*. It accords with repeated declarations that a restoration of the 38th Parallel would accomplish the UN's military aims. It has great appeal. Yet it seems to us to be wrong. The 38th Parallel is an indefensible line. Behind it, the Republic of Korea would exist through the good faith of the Communists or the presence of UN forces; neither offers the kind of protection that can lead to peace.

A second group within the UN will urge that the talks at Panmunjom be broadened to consideration of wider issues. The struggle in Korea, this group will argue, is after all a political struggle. The settlement will be based on political assumptions. Military men cannot grasp these assumptions and are unable to reach political agreements; therefore, political issues and leaders should be brought in. Again this case is powerful, and yet, to us, is unsound. There is almost no common interest politically between China and Russia and the West. There may be a common military interest in stopping the fighting. Given present political tensions, a military agreement is easier to achieve if the terms of negotiations are narrowed and political issues are left unresolved.

If the talks go badly at Panmunjom, a third group will demand that we clean up the war with atom bombs. No proposal could be more unsound. Strategically, atom bombs would be almost useless against the scattered Chinese forces. Politically, the wanton suffering inflicted on civilians would destroy all that sacrifice has accomplished for the UN.

Until now Stalin has held one great weapon—a willingness to wage world war. That willingness contributed to the paralyzing belief that limited war was impossible and that any resistance to aggression would mean a third world war. Now the democracies and the UN have demonstrated their capacity to wage limited war. If the talks at Panmunjom go badly, the discipline, the restraint, the maturity that limited action requires will be tested by tremendous pressures: if they survive, we will be much closer to peace.

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THE WEEK

BOYLE BOWS OUT

William M. Boyle Jr.'s resignation as Chairman of the Democratic National Committee "for reasons of health" opens the possibility that the Democratic Party could clean its house in time to remove corruption as a major Republican issue in 1952. Boyle's bald defense of Pendergast ethics as a credo for proper behavior by a public servant was symbolic of what is most grievously wrong with the present national Administration. In finally firing Boyle, as it appears that he did, Truman has presumably served notice that influence peddling is no longer to be considered a proper sideline for Democratic Party or government officials. If he backs this up with a Presidential investigation of all evidences to date of the misuse of political power in government, personally enforces a much higher core of party ethics, and chooses a new type of national chairman as Boyle's successor, Truman might still habilitate the Democratic Party enough to wage an impressive campaign.

It is reported that the President will recommend legislation prohibiting collectors of Internal Revenue from engaging in outside work which might influence their official conduct. This is a step which certainly should have been taken long ago. Truman and his Attorney General have been delinquent in devising this and other means for diminishing the temptations to bribery and corruption which have mounted along with soaring government expenditures. As a result, it will take a special inquiry, directed by citizens of the highest character and qualifications to dissipate present public distrust of government methods of tax-gathering, for example. Congressmen, tied in by patronage to present officeholders, are not free to do the job. A special Presidential commission, or one man serving as a special Presidential investigator, should be named to review and recommend reforms needed to clean up the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

Whether or not Boyle's removal is actually anything more than a pre-campaign gesture will become apparent when Truman and the Democratic National Committee elect a new chairman. If another Irish-Catholic, machine Democrat is appointed from one of the cities already revealed as being ridden with crime in politics through connivance of the politicians, it will be notice that nothing has really changed. Naming as National Chairman an independent man of the stripe of Richardson Dilworth of Philadelphia or Secretary of the Interior Oscar Chapman, Truman could make a beginning toward restoring the Democratic Party organization, state by state, to honorable hands.

McCARTHY INQUIRY

On the same day that the Swiss federal criminal court at Lausanne opened trial proceedings against an American for "supplying information to Sen. Joseph McCarthy," a Senate subcommittee voted unanimously to investigate charges leveled against the Wisconsin Republican by Sen. William Benton (D, Conn.). The action against both McCarthy and his informant, Charles E. Davis, is long overdue.

Davis, a 24-year-old Californian who claims to be a correspondent for a US Communist newspaper on the West Coast, is accused of supplying a representative of McCarthy in Paris with information concerning John Carter Vincent when Vincent was US minister to Switzerland. Davis has been held in jail since his arrest by Swiss authorities nearly a year ago.

McCarthy is on trial as a result of Senator Benton's documented case presented to the Senate Rules Subcommittee on September 28, charging that McCarthy committed perjury and fraud and "calculated deceit" against the American people when he made various sensational charges of "Communists in the government" during the past year. The subcommittee, which has assigned a staff of investigators to look into Benton's charges, is composed of Sens. Guy Gillette (D, Iowa), Mike Monroney (D, Okla.), Thomas Hennings (D, Mo.) and Robert Hendrickson (R, N.J.). The group voted its investigation after McCarthy refused to take the witness stand and reply to Benton's charges. McCarthy wrote Gillette: "Frankly, Guy, I have not and do not intend to even read, much less answer, Benton's smear attack. I am sure you realize the Benton type of material can be found in the *Daily Worker* almost any day of the week and will continue to flow from the mouths and pens of the camp followers as long as I continue my fight against Communism."

The investigation will undoubtedly go beyond Senator Benton's charges, which were confined to McCarthy's actions in the Senate. It will certainly include the Senator's questionable income-tax record. Unlike other subcommittees, the Senate Rules Subcommittee on Privileges and Elections has power to call for a major investigation and subpoena witnesses without a vote of the full committee. There are as many Republicans as Democrats who hope the preliminary report due November 1 will reveal enough evidence against McCarthy to warrant a full-scale investigation.

SECRECY OR SECURITY

Far less dramatic but no less significant than the first announcement that Russia had exploded an atomic bomb is the Joint Congressional Atomic Energy Committee's proposed amendment to the McMahon Act permitting the exchange of "atomic data" with other nations. The request is valid evidence that although we are spending from 50 to 100 times more than the leading non-Communist nations in the field of atomic energy, we are behind in major technical programs and that, by failing to exchange information, we are seriously hampering our own progress in the current armaments race.

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Scientists have repeatedly warned that we cannot achieve security through secrecy. The committee, which is urging Congress to adopt the amendment before adjournment, has admitted that "a failure to undertake an arrangement with another nation would mean that the US will be less well equipped—in measurable degree—to use atomic energy for defense purposes."

The committee recommended that the AEC (with the approval of the National Security Council and the President) be permitted to exchange non-military information on processing and producing fissionable materials with nations that "do not threaten our security." The designation of "non-military" data is misleading because *any* information on production and use of fissionable materials is capable of being used for either military or non-military purposes. The Committee's action confirms the argument long held by scientists that irrational secrecy policies dry up scientific progress. It also reveals the fact that our government is confronted with the hopeless dilemma of trying to evolve a sensible policy whereby we can promote 20th Century science and at the same time attempt to circumscribe its development by secrecy methods of the Babylonian priesthood.

FREEDOM (?) CLUBS

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. (*NR Corresp.*)

Dr. James W. Fifield Jr., pastor of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, recently addressed a public gathering in Whittier, Calif., to launch his "new freedom movement." He opened his tirade against the Administration with the belief that "Gen. George Marshall will be rated with Aaron Burr as one of the great traitors of this country," that Joe McCarthy "is one of the best Americans in the US today," that "General MacArthur is the only one now in high position who is worthy to be President." The minister remarked: "MacArthur's Cleveland speech almost belongs in the New Testament."

Dr. Fifield is the leader of what he terms a "mushrooming" movement to establish grass-roots Freedom Clubs to counteract present trends in government.

BRITISH ELECTION PREVIEW

With 12 days to go before polling, the British election campaign is now in full swing. Yet there is little apparent excitement and, so far, no sensations.

Not unnaturally, foreign affairs loom unusually large in the headlines. But as a result of instructions from Mr. Churchill the Tories are making surprisingly little capital out of the news from Egypt and Iraq. This is partly due to Mr. Churchill's awareness that the successive challenges to British authority and prestige in the Middle East have a more permanent significance than many of his followers realize.

In the second place, Mr. Churchill is acutely conscious of the risk he would run if the impression really got around that he would land the country in war. It is easy enough to criticize Labour's foreign policy just now but not so easy to answer the question, "What would *you* have done in their place?"

On the Labour side there must have been a strong temptation to blame America for some of its troubles. When the usually pro-American and anti-Socialist *Economist* came out last week with a strong attack on the State Department's handling of the Persian crisis, putting Abadan on a level with Munich and accusing Americans of "deliberately acquiring the rights to Mr. Neville Chamberlain's umbrella," there was a perceptible tremor at the Tory HQ. Would this set off a campaign against the Americans by the Labour Party? To Mr. Morrison's eternal credit he refused to take the hint. On both sides there has been a responsible and far-sighted attitude to Britain's growing difficulties in foreign affairs. How long it will last one cannot say, but certainly Mr. Morrison and Mr. Churchill, at the height of an election campaign, have displayed quite astonishing self-restraint.

On the home front, the cost of living remains the liveliest issue—though in the eyes of many people it is a totally unrealistic one. The Tories, assuming the mantle of Senator Taft, put high costs down to the profligate and spendthrift Socialist Administration. Labour replies by pointing to soaring prices in Australia and New Zealand where Conservative governments have recently taken over. They continue to advocate controls as the only rational safeguard.

There is, however, a skeleton in the cupboard which no one dares to mention. The return of the dollar crisis and the yawning gap in Britain's trade balance sheet are making politicians of all parties shiver apprehensively. But the task of explaining its implications (still more of suggesting a positive remedy) is too much for them.

Meanwhile meetings are well attended and orderly. Another mammoth poll is anticipated, but nowhere yet can one detect much excitement. The truth is that the country has been electioneering without pause for more than 18 months. The campaign of February, 1950, was never conclusively decided, but the slogans on either side are getting decidedly threadbare and the customer (who wisely reckons that there won't be any real bargains anyway) is making for home.

There in the little back parlors, in the pubs and the clubs and over the kitchen sink, the British electorate is solemnly, soberly and cautiously making up its mind.

The Gallup Poll reports a small but steady swing back toward Labour, and the 11-percent "doubtfuls" are believed to conceal a heavy reserve of Socialist support which may make the result a good deal closer than is generally expected. Certainly the Labour vote in the thickly populated industrial areas of the North is unlikely to be much disturbed.

This recent swing, however slight, can make a big difference in the final allocation of seats in the House of Commons.

Your correspondent, however, who has a touching but probably misplaced faith in the Gallup Poll, still sees no reason to doubt that Mr. Churchill will move into No. 10 Downing Street when the final count is taken.

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Outside America

GERMANY ALIENATES FRANCE

Resistance among the masses of the French people to the idea of rearming the West Germans, which had been very slowly tapering off since the start of the fighting in Korea, has once more begun to stiffen. The main reason is to be found not in France but in Germany, and amounts to a justification of the formula of Cambon, the diplomat whose attitude to Germany resembled Cato's toward Carthage: "*J'attends la gaffe allemande*—I await the German blunder."

There has been, in fact, a series of recent German blunders; and the worst in its effect on the French state of mind —even of Frenchmen most willing to turn over a new page in Franco-German relations—has been the conduct of the German generals. On September 9, these generals managed to bring together, in a single organization, the Association of German Soldiers. But they went further: they also brought into the new organization—said to number one million men—the veterans of the notorious Waffen SS. and the Steel Helmets who contributed so much to Hitler's rise to power. In addition to Ramcke of the parachutists, Guderian of the tanks, von Manteuffel of the *Gross Deutschland* division, there are Gille and Hause of the SS.

Nor was that all. Ramcke issued a public statement praising Marshal Petain. Guderian made public a list of "grievances," suggesting that the doctrines of collective guilt should now be applied to the men of the West who foolishly interfered with Hitler's "crusade against Communism." Major industrialists closely linked with the generals—men like Herman, director of the Deutsches Bank and 32 key companies, and Pferdmenges, director of banks controlling 40 percent of West German steel production—suggested that American credits should now be shifted to Germany so that rearmament might not weigh too heavily on the German standard of living.

A wave of alarmed protest swept through France, showed itself even in such staunchly pro-American conservative newspapers as the *Figaro* of Paris, and contrasted sharply with the recent statement of Irving Brown, the AFL's roving ambassador in West Europe, that only the Communists fear the rise of militarism in Germany. Robert Borel wrote in the *Monde*:

> Perhaps it would be a good idea not to forget that in the Europe which was invaded by the Germans, especially in France, hundreds of thousands of veterans and victims of the war are watching the present spectacle silently, but in a silence from which they may emerge with unexpected abruptness.

Jules Moch, the French statesman who perhaps more than any other has contributed to creating sound material and psychological bases for French rearmament, commented:

> Guderian has proclaimed Germany's solidarity with the brutality of Bismarck, the bloody hypocrisy of Wilhelm II, the criminal madness of Hitler. . . . He shows clearly that he has learned nothing and forgotten nothing, and we think he reflects the opinion of a very large number of the Germans. . . . Yes, we want to create Europe, to bring about a rapprochement between France and Germany. But there are various Germanies; and Guderian unwittingly reminds us that we shall be able healthily to build Europe only with a Germany which not only thoroughly cleanses its own social structure of Nazism but also renounces its traditions and the recent past to which Guderian clings.

It has been—and is—an almost equally serious blunder on the part of highly placed German civilians to take advantage of the American policy of "realism" toward Germany—or rather "magnanimity paired with realism," as in the case of Japan—in order to try to get the maximum that the traffic will bear. The current "demands" range from reduction of occupation costs, payment of "damages" caused by the occupation, suspension of housing requisitions, dissolution of the Ruhr Authority, cancellation of coal allocations, maintenance of the DKV—the monopolistic German coal-selling body—and enforcement of the new treason law in the case of Germans co-operating with the Western Allies, to the right to manufacture war materials and exercise full control over foreign assets.

Making the most of every real or imaginary grievance, this might conceivably be an efficient system if the decisions taken by the Western generals and statesmen could be put into effect without the consent, let alone the support, of the French people. But the swing of the German pendulum from whine to bluster has had such a bad reception in France that Premier René Pleven will have a hard time getting the National Assembly to ratify Foreign Minister Robert Schuman's signature of the Three-Power statement in Washington. The mass of the French people are not pleased enough by their government's diplomatic victory—the acceptance of the Schuman and Pleven Plans—to forget the implications of Ramcke's and Guderian's plans. Pleven was forced by public opinion to deny, and also to get Schuman to deny, that France was accepting the American timetable and method of German rearmament.

The simple fact is that if the American timetable calls for (or even accepts or admits) a similar speedup in the pace and degree of rehabilitation of the German generals and what they stand for, the French Government will have the greatest difficulty in getting the National Assembly to give to General Eisenhower what he wants from the French people. For the people agree with Jean Schlumberger, writing in the conservative *Figaro*, that the swing of the American pendulum from the morally motivated doctrine of collective guilt of *all* the Germans to the militarily motivated doctrine of the collective innocence of *all* the Germans goes too fast and too far.

Fortunately, however, the dilemma is not simply either winning over the Germans or losing the French, or vice versa. The sensible Frenchmen, who see the need of co-operating with the Germans, need convincing proof that the Americans are not blundering into acceptance of the Germany which has learned nothing and forgotten nothing.

Paris PERCY WINNER

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THE STRANGE CASE OF LOUIS BUDENZ

by William V. Shannon

ON SEPTEMBER 10, the readers of the New York *Herald-Tribune* were treated to a change of pace. Instead of the customary analysis of high strategy in the column by Joseph Alsop, they received the opening chapter of an intriguing detective story.

The story continued with further installments. It is not yet finished. Before the final denouement is reached, Mr. Alsop's tale may have resulted in destroying the cult of the ex-Communists and in seriously impeding the far-reaching schemes of McCarran and McCarthy.

In his three articles, Alsop revealed that Louis Budenz, one-time managing editor of the *Daily Worker*, whose conscience led him to renounce the Communist Party for the Catholic Church, had apparently perjured himself in the course of his testimony to the McCarran Internal Security Subcommittee. Budenz testified categorically that State Department officer John Carter Vincent and Professor Owen Lattimore "were members of the Communist Party." A year earlier, in his appearance before the Tydings committee, Budenz had declined to identify Vincent as a Communist and had made only the most guarded references to Lattimore. He explained he had to be "careful in my statements."

What could have happened in the intervening year to make his "recollections" so much clearer on this vital point?

Budenz further told the McCarran committee that Lattimore and Vincent, who accompanied former Vice-President Henry Wallace on his 1944 trip to China, were relied upon by the Communist Party to guide him along Communist lines.

"The trip by Wallace to China," Budenz testified, "was followed by the Communists with a great deal of interest in discussions in the Politburo. In those discussions it was pointed out that Mr. Wallace was, more or less, under good influences from the Communist viewpoint, that is to say that he had on one hand Mr. Lattimore, and on the other John Carter Vincent, both of whom were described as being in line with the Communist viewpoint, seeing eye to eye with it, and that they would guide Mr. Wallace largely along those paths."

Alsop, armed with knowledge he had gained while serving under Gen. Clair Chennault in China, proved that this sworn statement by Budenz is an outrageous falsehood.

He disclosed in his column the partial text, never before released, of the cable Wallace sent President Roosevelt from Kunming, China, in June, 1944. The cable urged further aid to Chiang Kai-shek, recommended the dismissal of Chiang's opponent, General Stilwell, and proposed the conservative Gen. Albert Wedemeyer as his successor. These three policy recommendations were the basis for the most dramatic anti-Communist move in the China theatre during the whole war. Roosevelt put them into effect a few months later.

It is clear that whatever Budenz may have heard whispered over the coffee cups on Fourteenth Street—if, indeed, he heard anything—Wallace was not a Communist stooge.

Sen. Herbert Lehman of New York decided to bring this serious issue before the Senate on September 14. With courage and tenacious moral integrity reminiscent of the late George Norris, Lehman defied the McCarran-McCarthy bloc and tried to insert the three articles into the *Congressional Record* by unanimous consent. He failed. One mission, however, he did accomplish. Senate observers cannot recall when McCarran so openly lost his temper. He was shaking with rage, and his thin voice cracked more than once as he proceeded to denounce Alsop.

A few days later Wallace sent to President Truman the text of his Kunming cable and his subsequent report. Mr. Truman promptly released them. Using this action as a springboard, Lehman personally read the Alsop columns into the *Record*, a step which does not require unanimous consent.

Forced by the actions of Lehman and Truman to take cognizance of Alsop's charges, McCarran finally called Budenz back to the stand October 5. He reiterated his charges.

In the face of this stubborn refusal to concede the obvious facts, Alsop wrote McCarran an open letter demanding that he be called as a witness. McCarran is in no hurry whatever for the kind of dramatic showdown that an Alsop appearance promises. The committee informed the columnist that he would be called later "in due course."

Meanwhile, McCarran and his colleagues decided to tackle Wallace first in the apparent hope that his long public record would make him a somewhat more vulnerable target. Wallace testified Tuesday, October 9. He requested a public hearing. The committee heard him in executive session. He requested permission to release

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his prepared statement to the press at the conclusion of his testimony. The committee attempted to deny him this elementary right. By a formal motion, McCarran and his colleagues refused to admit the Wallace statement to the record. At the same time they declined to give him any assurance that he would ever be granted a public hearing.

In view of this iron-curtain policy, Wallace felt justified in releasing his statement to the press. This document restated the principal points of his letter to Truman and showed conclusively that Vincent had concurred in the various anti-Communist recommendations including the dismissal of General Stilwell and the selection of General Wedemeyer.

The ruthless attempt to deny Wallace a chance to get his side of the story before the public should permanently destroy the illusion that the McCarran committee is conducing an impartial and judicious investigation of our Far Eastern policy. As this reporter pointed out in the *New Republic* last July when the McCarran committee was beginning its public sessions, McCarran has never been interested in getting the whole truth. From the outset, he and his colleagues set out by hook or by crook to prove McCarthy's case against certain people of the State Department.

The issue of protecting innocent persons in this inquiry also deserves closer scrutiny. McCarran has made much of the fact that all witnesses have been heard first in private sessions before any public accusations were made. But what purpose have these private sessions served? Budenz and others who made the most serious charges in the private hearings were allowed to repeat them at the public sessions. Their victims were not invited to be present or even to offer evidence that could have been used in their own defense

The Institute of Pacific Relations was attacked steadily for 10 weeks before any present officer of the organization was permitted to appear in IPR's defense. Other Budenz victims such as Lattimore and Vincent have yet to have an opportunity to testify in public. It is apparent that the main purpose that the much-touted prior executive hearings achieve is not to protect the accused but to give Committee Counsel Robert Morris an opportunity to coach his witnesses before they are brought before the public

An additional fact that is clear is the role of Henry Wallace. For the benefit of I. F. Stone and the New York *Compass,* it might be pointed out that the crux of Wallace's letter to President Truman is not who was right or wrong on the intricacies of China policy several years ago. That is incidental. The point is one of simple truth and decency. Budenz, under oath, has borne false witness against two innocent men. Unscrupulous politicians, seeking to manipulate this false testimony so as to distort history, have committed the crime of subornation.

Wallace had vital evidence which would clear the two men and frustrate the attempted misrepresentation. He had no choice save to come forward. Rather than seeking to acquire any fake respectability by praising Chiang—as the trenchant intellects of the *Compass* have charged—Wallace has instead performed a distinguished public service

What is most at stake in this dispute is the inflated prestige of the ex-Communists.

Whittaker Chambers, one of the few ex-Communists who has offered documentary proof in support of his charges, once said:

> With the play of so many influences on my mind, because people are always asking me questions, bringing me information, there are actually areas of my experience, where I can no longer distinguish between what I once knew and what I have [later] heard

Few of his fellow ex-Communists have heeded Chambers' poignant warning. Ex-Communists, like poets, "wear neuroses like new roses." Their public statements have been too often only a function of their personal maladjustment. There is no doubt that certain unusually able ex-Communists, such as Koestler and Silone, can offer brilliant insights on our present difficulties. To say that, however, is not to say that every tired Party hack is somehow endowed with wisdom simply because he has finally wearied of his part in the Communist conspiracy.

There have been earlier indications that the reminiscences and recollections of persons such as Budenz and Elizabeth Bentley were overvalued and needed a touch of deflation. Last year, Edward Weeks of the *Atlantic Monthly* revealed how the original galley proofs of Budenz's book, *Men Without Faces*, were withdrawn and the book altered to include references to Owen Lattimore following Budenz's unexpected testimony against Lattimore before the Tydings committee. Previously, the book had not mentioned the Johns Hopkins professor. More recently, William Dufty in the New York *Post* showed how Miss Bentley's collaborators had edited her manuscript as it originally appeared in magazines and in galleys so as to prevent libel suits for her many loose references.

But Alsop's exposé of Budenz is the most specific and damning revelation so far for those who raise reformed plotters to pedestals so exalted that their pronouncements are beyond question and their pointing fingers mortal weapons

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THE BIG FIX

by Gus Tyler

WHEN THE Kefauver Committee was finished with New York City, Ed Flynn, boss of the Bronx and Democratic National Committeeman for New York State, announced indignantly:

> I am not going to let these people come in from the outside and besmirch New York City without saying something about it. I'm sick and tired of taking this lying down. It is unfair to have them come in and picture New York as a hellhole, even for the sake of getting headlines.

When Rudolph Halley, chief counsel to the Kefauver Committee, read these lines, he knew that the leadership of the Democratic Party in New York City had no intention of cleaning house. As an "insider," a resident of New York and an enrolled Democrat, Halley undertook to carry on the clean-up job the Kefauver Committee had begun, by standing for election as president of the city council, the top post under contest this November in New York. Following the pattern of Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., in his victorious contest against the regular Democratic Party candidate for Congress in 1949, Halley accepted the nomination of the Liberal Party. He was endorsed by the City Fusion Party. He was named by the hastily constructed Independent Party, whose canvassers gathered 58,000 names on petitions, the highest number in any New York municipal contest including Vincent Impellitteri's previous high last year.

Halley's candidacy presents New York City with a referendum on crime in politics. Because the question is so squarely proposed in New York City, the results may indicate how America feels not only about the findings of the Kefauver Committee but about corruption in politics generally.

New York City provides almost the perfect setting for a contest on crime in politics. Here resides Frank Costello, Prime Minister of the Underworld, gathering up the threads of the national crime syndicate in his well-televised fingers. Here resided William O'Dwyer, present Ambassador to Mexico, former Mayor of New York City, whose associations with the underworld shocked the nation. Here roams the Tammany Tiger, symbol of municipal corruption, flea-ridden with district leaders who were established to be consorts of Costello. And, to set off the dramatic highpoints, here is Rudolph Halley who presented the New York Story over TV and radio.

The New York Story begins with the "perfect murder case" against Albert Anastasia, Lord High Executioner of Murder, Inc., held in the files of the then District Attorney William O'Dwyer. It was O'Dwyer who testified that he "had a perfect case of murder" against Anastasia, who was never indicted because the case, together with Abe Reles, went out the window of the Half-Moon Hotel. Reles was under the custody of six policemen for a year and a half. When California authorities asked for Reles to testify against "Bugsy" Siegel, O'Dwyer refused to release Reles, because he was too valuable in the case against Anastasia. When Frank Bals, in charge of the police detail (later promoted to a high post by O'Dwyer), was asked to explain the death of Reles, he told the Kefauver Committee that the playful Reles has climbed out of the window to the floor below in order to tease the cops. "Police-wanted" cards for other key witnesses were removed from the files by James Moran, presently convicted of perjury, a very close friend of O'Dwyer. The failure to prosecute the "perfect murder case" against Anastasia is the perfect example of why and how the big boys of the underworld beat the rap. Its recitation is a pivotal point in Halley's New York campaign against crime in politics.

Chapter two in the New York Story is the meeting between O'Dwyer and Costello in the latter's apartment after O'Dwyer's defeat for mayor in 1941 and his second try for the job in 1945. O'Dwyer explained his presence as a "military mission." But his story does not check with that of others present at the gathering, like Mike Kennedy, chieftain of Tammany Hall; Irving Sherman, known racketeer; James Moran, the go-between from O'Dwyer to the underworld. In referring to this gathering, Halley described it as the perfect portrait of crime in politics: Costello, the boss; Sherman, the henchman; Moran, the go-between; Kennedy, the political boss; O'Dwyer, the front man.

Chapter three in the New York Story is the detailed mechanics of the criminal operation in politics. Step number one is to name the political boss. Chief Sachem Kennedy was hand-picked by Costello and when, on one occasion, Kennedy balked at a nomination, Costello whipped him into line with the poignant query: "Are you a man or are you a mouse?" Step number two is to name judges. One judge called Costello the morning after his nomination to pledge "undying gratitude" to the underworld lord. Step number three is to get a friendly mayor. All this is accomplished by political action, by providing manpower in the clubhouses and by providing much loose cash. John Crane of the Uni-

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formed Firemen testified to giving $55,000 in cash to O'Dwyer's campaign—under pressure. Moran was named as the carrier-pigeon. Harry Gross, big-time bookie, testified to giving Moran $20,000 in 1949 for O'Dwyer's campaign. This was only one man's share of a huge kitty Moran collected from bookies. The public official is chained to the underworld by a cash nexus. "Whether it's a businessman, a banker, or a gangster, his bankroll is always attractive," explained William O'Dwyer to the Senate committee.

Chapter four in Halley's version of the New York Story is the cost of crime and corruption to the ordinary citizen. The underworld runs a $20 billion business in the United States, with the single biggest take coming from New York. On the waterfront, the rackets levy a hidden tax on practically every commodity pouring into the metropolis, with a resultant increase in the cost of living. Corrupt government has meant waste and hence the imposition of a three-percent sales tax, with more such taxes to come. The machine's need to maintain an army of "provisional" employees on the city payroll, with no qualifications beyond their party loyalty, costs the municipality millions annually. The resulting low level of public service and ethics has led to repeated shake-ups in the Police Department with the same rotten results, to scandals in the Fire Department, the Marine and Aviation and Housing Departments, the Tax Office and even in the Investigator's Office. Even such a simple law as smoke control goes unenforced for "political reasons" with an estimated cost to New Yorkers of some $200 million in cleaning bills, laundry bills, repair bills and doctor bills. A $600,000 appropriation for rodent control goes down the rat-hole because the inspectors are "machine" appointees with no qualifications for the job, with the result that reported rat bites went up 20 percent in 1949 and another 30 percent in 1950. In short, New York is gypped to the tune of billions—by the gang tax, by waste, by inefficiency, by the shakedown, by unnecessary taxes.

Here, then, is the skeleton of the New York Story. In his campaign, Halley has popularized the "Big Fix." This is the system whereby the outlaw becomes the law through the process of nonpartisan political action. The Big Fix makes the many little fixes—the bribes, the pay-offs, the threats—unnecessary. The Big Fix is the criminal operation of a political machine to run a party to run a city!

In his campaign for the presidency of the City Council, Halley has had some unusual advantages. He has had the tremendous build-up of the televised Kefauver hearings. Because the TV drama provided a welcome relief to the humdrum life of the housewife, Halley is far better known, and admired, among the women of New York than among the men.

Because of his TV rating, he has enjoyed dozens of invitations to the top TV and radio programs in New York, giving him an opportunity to conduct a campaign in the most unorthodox manner New York City has seen in all its history. "My God," commented one TV columnist, "that man Halley has had more TV time this week than Arthur Godfrey." One of Halley's regular weekly broadcasts, "Crime Syndicate," has a regular sponsor, and, despite the fact that Halley contributes every penny of his earnings on this program to charitable institutions, his opponents have been making much of Halley's "commercializing" on his professional standing as counsel to the Kefauver Committee.

Halley has enjoyed an excellent press. The New York *Times*, a whole month before the election, declared its full endorsement. The New York *Post* has been enthusiastically for Halley. The *Journal-American* opened its front page to three articles on the Big Fix. The Republican *Herald Tribune* has had nice words for Halley, but wants to know more about his municipal program.

Nor has the public's interest in crimino-politics been permitted to abate. Harry Gross's walking away from his police guard, motoring to Atlantic City, returning nonchalantly to befoul a pivotal police trial was frighteningly reminiscent of the Reles disappearance. The Dee Brothers' influence on Staten Island with a Democratic District Attorney and a Republican county leader was remarkably reminiscent of the conversations between Costello and O'Dwyer. Gross's testimony on the huge bookie contributions to O'Dwyer has set New Yorkers wondering to whom the underworld is making its contributions this year. The murder of Willie Moretti, the too-talkative member of the mob, has shocked the seaboard into knowing that the Kefauver investigation has not ended the power or impudence of the Syndicate.

So rapid, intense and shocking have been these scandals, however, that they seem to have numbed some voters. The horror seems too great for human handling. Voters tend to throw up their hands in helpless despair. Other factors, too, have caused the registration to stay under two million, a small number of voters, the lowest in eight years. For one thing, the position of the council president, although not unimportant, is comparatively unknown. For another thing, many New Yorkers who turned out to elect Impellitteri as a "free lance" last year and have watched him go the way of all Tammany flesh, this year hesitate to repeat the performance with Halley.

The active cultivation of apathy has been the first move

(*Continued on page 20*)

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27 WHO BELIEVED IN JUSTICE

by Bruce Bliven

THIS IS a story about six Negroes and 27 white men. The six Negroes were condemned to death for a crime of which it is almost certain that none of them was guilty. Four of them are now safe and free, largely as a result of what the 27 white men did. The other two are still in prison, but I believe there is a good chance that they, also, will eventually be free.

The six Negroes, as you have already guessed, are the Trenton Six, who were found guilty of the murder of a 73-year-old junkman more than three years ago. Let me refresh your memory as to the details of that case.

Trenton at that time was in the middle of a "crime wave" which had strong political repercussions. The police were smarting under public criticism because of a long series of unsolved crimes, and when the junkman was killed, orders went out to get some suspects, and get them quick.

The six young Negroes were arrested in what seems a rather casual way. One of them, Collis English, was picked up on the complaint of his estranged father that he had used the father's car without permission. Questioned by the police all night without interruption, as a suspect in the murder case, he was frightened nearly out of his wits, and told a rambling, confused story, naming eight people he had been with on the day of the murder. Two of these eight were arrested the next day. Another man who was to become a defendant was the brother-in-law of English who came to the police station to find out why he had not returned home. The fifth is the nephew of the fourth. The sixth was picked up in a bar on the ground that he resembled a man whom English had described as "carrying one shoulder higher than the other." This man has only one arm, a fact which, to the Trenton police, seemed to fulfill that description. His other arm had been amputated only eight days before the murder took place, and on that day, the suspect was barely out of the hospital.

These six men are from the bottom of the economic and social scrapheap, half or wholly illiterate, poor, four of them in their twenties, two in their thirties. They were kept incommunicado and "questioned" for four days and five nights, at the end of which time the police announced triumphantly that five out of six of them had signed confessions. There seems no doubt that one man, English, with malaria and a rheumatic heart, was questioned continuously for 19 hours. The man whose arm had just been taken off says the police threatened to beat him. The other three had similar experiences; all five repudiated their "confessions" as soon as they had a chance. If they are guilty on this evidence, so is Cardinal Mindszenty. So is Vogeler. So is Oatis.

All six of these men had impressive alibis for the time of the murder. One was calling on a girl, and said that while he was there a mailman delivered a C.O.D. package—which was proved true. The man with one arm was seen by a number of people standing in front of his house watching his uncle repair a car. Another was working on a farm, loading potatoes, his alibi being supported by 12 witnesses, by time sheets and a government social-security receipt. A fourth said he was home all morning helping his mother do some laundry, and was corroborated by his mother and a next-door neighbor. A fifth had testimony from at least a dozen persons that he had spent the morning picking chickens, and the sixth had seven witnesses who agreed that he had spent the morning working in a slaughter house.

The state had only one witness who even tried to connect any of the six Trenton defendants to the crime. This was the common-law wife of the murdered man. She admitted she had rehearsed her testimony over and over with police and prosecution officials—in spite of which fact, she changed it some eight times. She picked out one of the defendants as the man who had left some of his handwriting in the store that was the scene of the crime; the man she so identified is illiterate Although there were fingerprints on the soft-drink bottle used as a murder weapon, and the police had descriptions of the men who actually participated in the crime, the defense was refused permission to see the descriptions and was told the fingerprints had been destroyed.

Despite this and much other evidence favorable to the defendants, they were tried and found guilty by a Trenton jury, and sentenced to death. The New Jersey Supreme Court then reversed the decision, on rather narrow technical grounds, and ordered a new trial; but things still looked black for the Trenton Six. They had no funds, and few friends. Although the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the American Civil Liberties Union have both worked hard and effectively, the chief assistance at the beginning came from the Communists. These, as they always do, started a tremendous uproar, designed more to prove that the American courts are incapable of justice than to get the

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defendants off. They also raised a big "defense fund," and as usual, outsiders suspected that part of this money was being diverted to other purposes. A lot of the "best people" of New Jersey, already hostile to the defendants because they were Negroes, were now hostile also because they had had help from the Communists.

We cut now, as the movies say, to a room in the historic Nassau Tavern in Princeton, on a day in February, 1950. Seated in the room were some 20-odd men, nearly all residents of Princeton or nearby communities. They included professors from Princeton, Princeton Theological Seminary, Rutgers and some local high schools; ministers of local churches; some practicing and some retired lawyers and one or two who don't fit readily into any pigeonhole except that quaint one, good Americans.

These are the facts which one of the men laid before the group:

We have everything to lose and nothing to gain from going into the case of the Trenton Six. It will be generally assumed that we are all a bunch of Communists or stooges. The "best people" of New Jersey will do what they can to punish us. On the other hand, these defendants have no money. Their legal position is in jeopardy. There is no evidence that they are innocent or, at the very least, that they did not have a fair trial.

The men assembled at the Nassau Tavern looked at each other in silence for a few minutes. Princeton is a small community—small enough so that social pressures are not only perfectly apparent, but painfully effective, as they might not be in a big city where you can go your way, ignoring what the neighbors think of you. Most of the men in the room live on salaries, nowadays strained to the utmost by inflation. After a few minutes, one of them spoke for all:

"Well, what are we waiting for?" he said.

And that was the beginning of the Princeton Committee for Defense of the Trenton Six, which finally turned out to have 27 members.

I have no space here to tell this story in detail—though it deserves telling. The committee was set up with two chairmen: Dr. Edward S. Corwin, Princeton professor emeritus, world-famous expert on international law, and Methodist Bishop Francis J. McConnell. It had two treasurers: Dr. Allan Chalmers, theology professor at Boston University (one of the few men co-opted from a distance) and Canon Robert Smith of the Episcopal Church, president of the New Jersey Welfare Council. I can't print all the names, but I must in fairness mention also James Imbrie, retired financier from nearby Lawrenceville. I disagree with Mr. Imbrie on several things, one of them his conviction that in 1951 non-Communist liberals like himself can still work with Communists for liberal ends, a conviction that has caused him to cling to the Progressive Party until he is almost the last lone survivor; but no one can disagree with his passion for Anglo-Saxon justice and his endless willingness to help it along.

In quick summary, here is what the Princeton Committee did:

Persuaded the Communists to get out of the case for good and all.

Set up a working agreement for full co-operation with the NAACP and the ACLU.

Began, with these organizations, the serious business of raising money for the new trial. The committee members dug into their own pockets for larger donations than any group of college professors ought to make; they put the bite on a limited number of people they knew who happened to have both money and some social conscience. Members signed up personally to underwrite sums of money bigger than most of them had ever seen—and woke up sweating in the night to think of their responsibility.

The "best people" did not waste much time in indicating their displeasure that the Princeton Committee should be aiding a group of men who had also been aided by the Communists.

When the committee tried to open an account in a nearby Trenton bank, a bank official berated them for interfering in something that was no business of theirs.

Several members of the committee received threatening letters, most of them anonymous. "Let the law take its course," said one of the letters. "You can put [your money] to a better use. Use it toward promoting peace throughout the world." "They had a fair trial," said another. "They should be strung up till dead. . . . I wish some of your loved ones could get what [some of my friends] got. [The Negroes] should live by themselves. The country is going to the dogs."

An influential Episcopal layman appealed to the Bishop to force Canon Smith to resign, and seemed astonished when he refused.

Princeton is a Republican community; an important Republican politician from that area talked to a high official of Princeton University, trying to get him to order Princeton faculty members to leave the committee.

Various members were cold-shouldered socially by old friends who could not understand such a quaint idiosyncrasy as a belief that even poor Negroes are entitled to justice under the law. This attitude went to both high and low places. For instance, even the New Jersey Attorney General resisted permitting the defendants to be represented by out-of-state counsel of their own choosing. Eventually, largely for technical reasons that are not part of this story, some of the

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defendants were represented, on behalf of the Princeton Committee, by Arthur Garfield Hays, noted civil libertarian of New York City, and former Judge George Pellettieri of Trenton, and the remainder by various counsel for the NAACP.

When the case actually came to trial, the hostility of many leading elements in New Jersey to the defendants was all too apparent. Most of the local newspapers seemed to think that a judicial lynching might be a good idea: after all, these Negroes had been aided for a time by the Communists, hadn't they? Social pressure on the Princeton Committee was increased. The bitterness of many spectators in the courtroom was apparent. A minor climax came at four o'clock in the morning when the jury was still out. An important official of the local detective bureau crossed the courtroom to say to one of the counsel for the defendants, loudly enough to be overheard by several others, "I'll kill you, before I die!"

The results of that trial are now well known. Four of the Negroes were set free; two others—Collis English and Ralph Cooper—were given life imprisonment. The verdict makes no sense from any standpoint unless you assume that the jury compromised two opposing points of view, and this is undoubtedly what happened. Actually, there was no evidence against English and Cooper any better than the evidence against the other four; the State had contended all along that two of these others, McKinley Forrest and Jack McKenzie, had been the prime movers in the murder. Courtroom gossip, which is usually reliable in cases like this, says that when the jury first ballotted, five members wanted to acquit all six defendants; three wanted life terms for all six; and four wanted a general death sentence.

The members of the Princeton Committee are still being haunted by their quaint interest in seeing justice done. They believe that life imprisonment for two men, who are almost certainly innocent, differs only in degree but not in principle from the execution of six men who are in the same category. They are planning to appeal the case—to the US Supreme Court if necessary—and they feel, on competent legal advice, that they have good grounds for doing so.

They, of course, need more money; it is only the people on the wrong side of any argument who ever have plenty of funds. If you care to make a contribution, you can send it to the Joint Committee to Free the Trenton Two, care of the *New Republic*. It would be unfortunate if we gave the Princeton crowd, or the world, the impression that there are only about 27 people in this country who believe that justice is an indispensable part of democracy.

HAROLD L. ICKES: *Harold E. "McStassen"*

HAROLD E. "MCSTASSEN" has recently been welcomed into the more or less "Honorable Order of Macs." Doubtless he feels quite "comfy" alongside of McCarthy, McCarran and M(a)cArthur. Their spiritual bond is their anxiety to display to the Kremlin that they have one thing in common and that is, by united action, to show how ununited our people are. Another bond among the four Macs, and others, is the fact that they alone know how to run our international affairs. The people unfortunately selected the wrong leaders for this job.

"McStassen" was doubtless discomfited by the recent treachery of McCarthy in permitting, if indeed he did not encourage, his political friends to endorse Senator Taft as their choice for the Republican nomination for President next year. McCarthy was "McStassen's" manager in Wisconsin in the Presidential fight in 1948, and "McStassen" not unnaturally felt that he had a pre-emptive right to the same shady support now. To be sure, "McStassen" had announced his unqualified support of General Eisenhower, only to forget it later. It may be some consolation later to "McStassen" if that really great "Mac," R. R. McCormick, joins with this particular Mac buddy to give a kiss of death to Sen. Robert A. Taft's ambition.

The Presidential bug never dies although sometimes "it-just-fades-away." "McStassen" had hardly toddled his first 10 steps from his cradle when it occurred to him that, since it was possible for any native-born, male American to become President, "it might as well be he." He waited only long enough to be admitted to the bar of Minnesota before starting to run for public office. He was elected governor three times. It is not yet known just where he got the money that he has so freely spent in his various political campaigns and publicity stunts. But there has always seemed to be plenty of grease to lubricate "McStassen's" gearshift. Among others, it has been rumored that US Steel, which has immense ore holdings in the Mesabi Range in Minnesota, at one time was not indifferent to "McStassen's" political fortunes. The connection with the alleged lowering of taxes on its valuable property may only have been coincidental with generous political contributions. In any event, it takes real money to run for President, and "Mc-

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Stassen" has now been running for around 10 years.

After his pitiful showing in the Presidential race of 1948, "McStassen" was given, as a consolation prize, the presidency of the University of Pennsylvania, for which he did not have the slightest qualifications. It has been said that this was his booty from the unsavory Grundy machine in consideration of the delivery by him of his delegates to Thomas "Elusive" Dewey. Unhappily for "McStassen," the candidate in sneakers did not know what to do with the nomination after he got it. Unfortunately for the office-hungry Republicans (who after all are never any hungrier for the same fodder than the Democrats), Dewey could only say his customary "me too, only too-er" line from behind his stereotyped smile.

"McStassen" supported Dewey with the enthusiasm of a man convinced that he would have made a much stronger candidate himself. Dewey's second defeat certainly did nothing to blight the hardy perennial hope of "McStassen," now of Pennsylvania, where the Grundy machine, badly routed by Senator Duff in 1950, is hoping to rise from the dead with the aid of Governor Fine who would not be governor except for Senator Duff. Perhaps the Grundyites think that, with "McStassen's" gaining an occasional filched headline, at whatever cost in personal prestige, it may help them in their uphill fight against Senator Duff, who has announced for General Eisenhower as the Republican candidate next year.

Be that as it may, "McStassen" apparently decided that there was barely time for him to buy chips in the game that his buddy, McCarthy, has been playing with dirty hands. He might blunder into the Presidential nomination, or he might be able to make a trade for the State Department. But to get anywhere he must yap with the loudest of the Mac gang against some prominent citizen of high repute. Desperately cudgeling his imagination, he "remembered" that the late Sen. Arthur H. Vandenberg, on February 4, 1949, had been asked to attend "a very much off-the-record meeting" at the White House to consider the nation's policy toward Red China and particularly toward the Operation Rathole of Chiang Kai-shek, down which we have improvidently poured billions of American dollars. So, "McStassen" crashed the headlines with the sensational charge that, "way back when," Senator Vandenberg had told him that Secretary Acheson, nefariously aided and abetted by Dr. Philip Jessup, had committed the heinous crime of discussing whether the US should recognize Communist China and push Chiang Kai-shek down his rathole.

"McStassen" had heard this horrendous proposal with his own out-stretched ears, and he could prove it, if only the great Senator from Michigan were still alive. To be sure, it did not seem to occur to "McStassen" that the final decision to go along with the light-fingered Chiang Kai-shek gang could hardly be soundly made without looking over what, if anything, Communist China might have to offer to the West. This was an occasion when "McStassen" was clearly playing a solitaire shell-game in international affairs.

Whatever may be said critically of "McStassen," it must be admitted that there are few, if any, so outstanding lawyers in the United States. He exemplifies the loftiest of standards in legal knowledge and ethics, especially when he is a candidate for something or other, as he always has been from the day that he was admitted to the bar in rural Minnesota. Here was a "leader" of the bar trying to prove his yarn by double hearsay involving a man whose name is honored and carries great weight, even though he has passed beyond. This great lawyer knows that the most approved way to prove a fact is by hearsay evidence. He is convinced that the courts always find particularly persuasive a representation of what a prominent, but deceased, person would say if he could come back from the grave.

Unfortunately for "McStassen," he stubbed all of his toes in trying to advance himself politically by the "McHitler"-McCarthy technique of "the Big Lie." He had made himself no written notation of the alleged confidential information obtained at the White House by Senator Vandenberg which purported to implicate Dr. Jessup, but he was sure that Senator Vandenberg had. And he was right. Following "McStassen's" improper disclosure of what was said at "a very much off-the-record meeting" in which President Truman took part, Arthur H. Vandenberg Jr. produced a written memorandum from among his father's papers. From this it appears that Dr. Jessup was not even present, let alone that he said what "McStassen" publicly denounced him for saying on the strength of what a dead man was alleged to have told him that he had heard said at a conference at which the person quoted was not present.

That "McStassen" belongs to the Mac cabal is proved by the fact that he can play as dirty politics as his former campaign manager, McCarthy, was able to indulge in recently in the state of Maryland in enlargement of his poisonous activities in the US Senate. "McStassen" and McCarthy are indeed "a pretty pair, as the devil said when he looked at his feet," a homely saying in the days of my youth in pre-"McStassen" Pennsylvania, when a citizen could be proud of its then great university.

The curtain will soon be rung down on the "McStassen" farce-comedy, "Kiss And Tell." Before that happens, it is hoped that he and his fellow troopers, hand in hand, for a final bow to an uproarious audience, will be joined by "McBudenz," "McBentley" and "McChambers."

HAROLD L. ICKES

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY: THE DANGERS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

by Hans J. Morgenthau

THIS CONSTRUCTIVE critique of the last half-century of American foreign policy is written by a man who has had wide experience in important diplomatic posts in Central Europe and the Soviet Union; who, during a number of crucial years, held key positions in the State Department as head of its Policy Planning Board and as its counselor; and who through his endowments of mind and heart stands head and shoulders above the common run of diplomats (if I remember correctly, it was Dean Acheson who called Kennan "the most intelligent man in America"). As was to be expected, such a book by such a man sheds light upon the foreign policy of the United States.

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY: 1900-1950, by George F. Kennan (University of Chicago Press; $2.75).

American Diplomacy consists of two parts: the lectures which Kennan delivered last spring at the University of Chicago, and two articles, one of them the famous "X" article of 1947, reprinted from *Foreign Affairs*. The difference between these sections of the book is striking. The first betrays in form and content its origin as a series of lectures. Although it appears on its face to be an exercise in the diplomatic history of the last half-century, it is neither historical narrative nor systematic comment, but rather a series of brilliant and profound aphorisms on the nature of foreign policy in general and of American foreign policy in particular, grouped around the major international problems that have confronted the United States in the last fifty years. The two articles which form the second part are closely reasoned, subtle arguments, presented in a highly polished prose and concerned with understanding the Soviet Union and the requirements for a successful American foreign policy in regard to it. Moreover, behind these differences in presentation and approach lies a difference in concept and philosophy which makes it at times difficult to believe that the two sections were written by the same man.

In his lectures, Kennan finds that the theories and assumptions which American statesmen have brought to bear upon American foreign policy since the Spanish-American War are faulty. It is to a defective philosophy of foreign policy, rather than to the weaknesses and errors of individual statesmen, that he traces the deficiencies of United States diplomacy. He summarizes that erroneous philosophy as "the legalistic-moralistic approach to international problems":

> It is the essence of this belief that, instead of taking the awkward conflicts of national interest and dealing with them on their merits with a view to finding the solutions least unsettling to the stability of international life, it would be better to find some formal criteria of a juridical nature by which the permissible behavior of states could be defined. There would then be judicial entities competent to measure the actions of governments against these criteria and to decide when their behavior was acceptable and when unacceptable. Behind all this, of course, lies the American assumption that the things for which other peoples in this world are apt to contend are for the most part neither creditable nor important and might justly be expected to take second place behind the desirability of an orderly world, untroubled by international violence. . . .

Kennan finds four weaknesses in this legalistic approach to foreign policy:

> In the first place, the idea of the subordination of a large number of states to an international juridical regime, limiting their possibilities for aggression and injury to other states, implies that these are all states like our own, reasonably content with their international borders and status, at least to the extent that they would be willing to refrain from pressing for change without international agreement. . . .
>
> Second, while this concept is often associated with a revolt against nationalism, it is a curious thing that it actually tends to confer upon the concept of nationality and national sovereignty an absolute value it did not have before. The very principle of "one government, one vote," regardless of physical or political differences between states, glorifies the concept of national sovereignty and makes it the exclusive form of participation in international life. . . . In doing this, it ignores the tremendous variations in the firmness and soundness of national divisions: the fact that the origins of state borders and national personalities were in many instances fortuitous or at least poorly related to realities. It also ignores the law of change. . . . The function of a system of international relationships is not to inhibit this process of change by imposing a legal strait-jacket upon it but rather to facilitate it: to ease its transitions, to temper the asperities to which it often leads, to isolate and moderate the conflicts to which it gives rise, and to see that these conflicts do not assume forms too unsettling for international life in general. But this is a task for diplomacy, in the most old-fashioned sense of the term. For this, law is too abstract, too inflexible, too hard to adjust to the demands of the unpredictable and the unexpected. . . .
>
> . . . This legalistic approach to international relations is faulty in its assumptions concerning the possibility of sanctions against offenses and violations. In general, it looks to collective action to provide such sanction against the bad behavior of states. In doing so, it forgets the limitations on the effectiveness of military coalition. . . . There might be a state, or perhaps more than one state, which all the rest of the world community together could not successfully coerce into following a line of action to which it was violently averse. . . .

Finally, the evaluation of the behavior of states according to legal criteria leads to the moral evaluation of such behavior. Thus, wars fought in the name of law are necessarily total wars which can only end in unconditional surrender:

> It is a curious thing, but it is true, that the legalistic approach to world affairs,

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rooted as it unquestionably is in a desire to do away with war and violence, makes violence more enduring, more terrible, and more destructive to political stability than did the older motives of national interest.

This inevitable consequence of the legalistic-moralistic approach is at the same time its *reductio ad absurdum*. For Kennan doubts that a third world war could end with the total military victory of either side:

> . . . The attempt to achieve this unattainable goal, however, could wreak upon civilization another set of injuries fully as serious as those caused by World War I or World War II, and I leave it to you to answer the questions as to how civilization could survive them.

Kennan traces the effects which this philosophy of foreign affairs has had on our policies before, during, and after the war with Spain, on our policies with regard to the Far East, and on the ways we dealt with the problems which arose from the two world wars. Under the influence of this philosophy, we fought wars which we did not need to fight, such as the war against Spain. We acquired territories which we did not need to acquire, such as the Philippines. We embraced certain principles, such as the Open Door in China, which in their vagueness were incapable of providing guidance for our foreign policy and had no recognizable connection with our national interest. We sometimes did the right things for the wrong reasons, such as our intervention in World War I and our support of Great Britain in World War II before Pearl Harbor. Habitually we told other nations how they ought to behave in terms of international law and morality without considering either the interests of the nations involved or the power necessary to make those legal and moral principles prevail.

These faulty tendencies in American foreign policy are powerfully supported by the influence of what Kennan calls "short-term trends of public opinion" upon the decisions of the Executive: ". . . In the short term our public opinion, or what passes for our public opinion in the thinking of official Washington, can be easily led astray into areas of emotionalism and subjectivity which make it a poor and inadequate guide for national action." The lectures illustrate with impressive examples the extent to which the most fallacious foreign policies of the United States have either been initiated upon the pressure of public opinion or have been supported by it.

This reviewer has nothing but admiration and approval for Kennan's critique of recent American foreign policy and for the corresponding plea for a foreign policy which receives its standards for evaluation and its guides for action from the national interest—both of the United States and of other nations—rather than from abstract legal or moral principles. But the test of statesmanship is in the application of theory to a concrete situation, and that is what the second part of the book provides. Kennan's theory of foreign policy is admirable; how is his foreign policy?

The first of the articles here reprinted presents the famous justification for the policy of containment, "designed to confront the Russians with unalterable counter-force at every point where they show signs of encroaching upon the interests of a peaceful and stable world." I must confess that I am more impressed by this presentation of the policy of containment now than when I first read it four years ago. There can be no doubt that the restoration of the balance of power in Europe and Asia through the development of counter-force is an indispensable prerequisite for a successful American policy toward the Soviet Union. The only question is how that counter-force is to be applied and in what terms it is to be conceived. On these points Kennan's presentation of the containment policy leaves itself open, at the very least, to misinterpretation.

The United States lacks the power to contain the Soviet Union "at every point" of its 20,000-mile perimeter. To try to do so would be to scatter the limited resources of the United States and invite the Soviet Union to press upon the weakest point with maximum strength. Since that is so, it is imperative for the United States to differentiate among those prospective points of hostile contact which, in view of American security, must be defended at all costs, those which may be defended in certain circumstances, and those which can hardly be defended at all. That is to say, the sweeping terms of the policy of containment must be qualified by those considerations of interest and power to which Kennan has called attention in the first part of his book.

Moreover, the policy of containment has been transformed in practical application into a kind of Maginot Line policy which, in the opinion of this reviewer, stems from a profound misunderstanding of the nature of American power and of the sources of its deterrent effect. The policy of containment has thus far been successful, even at those points of contact which lie completely defenseless at the borders of the Soviet Empire, not because of the power which the United States would have been able to bring to bear "at every point," but because the Russians could be certain that, in case of an attack upon the vital interests of the United States, the totality of American power would be used in defense and retaliation, not "at every point," but at those points which would vitally affect the interests and security of the USSR.

The other article reprinted in this book deals, under the heading of "America and the Russian Future," with the kind of Russia with which we could get along, and with the means of creating such a Russia. Much that is profound and wise is said in this article about the futility of direct intervention, especially through the instrumentality of war, about the narrow limitations of propaganda and about the importance of our own domestic policies. Yet, if one again applies Kennan's own standards of interest and power, it is impossible not to doubt the soundness, or at least the relevance, of his solution.

He thus summarizes his argument:

> These, then, are the things for which an American well-wisher may hope from the Russia of the future: that she lift forever the Iron Curtain, that she recognize certain limitations to the internal authority of government, and that she abandon, as ruinous and unworthy, the ancient game of imperialist expansion and oppression. . . . If she is prepared to do these things, then Americans will not need to concern themselves more deeply with her nature and purposes; the basic demands of a more stable world order will then have been met. . . .

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Are we to understand that, once these things are done, the conflicts of interest and power which for the last two centuries have pitted Russia against her European and Asiatic neighbors will disappear, or at least cease to threaten the peace of the world? Does Kennan really mean to suggest that, with these things done, the traditional Russian interests in Manchuria, of which he has some very wise words to say on page 42, will either be as nothing or at least be no longer in conflict with the interests of China, Japan and the United States? With these things done, will the "Polish Question" become a mere historical remembrance and cease to be, to quote Stalin, "a question . . . of life and death for the Soviet state," as it was for the Russia of the Czars? And will the accomplishment of these things obviate the return to diplomacy, so emphatically proposed by Kennan in the lectures, with its bargaining and accommodation of conflicting interests? In a word, even if the Russian Government were to meet the requirements stipulated in this article, would not the task of American foreign policy, though made easier in detail, remain precisely what it is today?

The contradiction between intellectual insight and the actual foreign policies pursued, which has vitiated much that is sound in conception in the foreign policies of the Truman Administration, can well be explained by the domestic pressures which have traditionally played upon the conduct of American foreign policy and to which a weak administration is especially susceptible. The contradiction between the insights of Kennan's theory of foreign policy and the actual policies he advocates cannot be explained in such fashion. Perhaps it is a testimony to the strength of those "pernicious abstractions" in American thinking on foreign policy which he so brilliantly exposes that even a man of Kennan's stature is not completely immune from them.

Hans J. Morgenthau, a professor of Political Science and director of the Center for the Study of American Foreign Policy of the University of Chicago, is the author, among other books, of Politics Among Nations: The Struggle for Power and Peace *and of the recently published* In Defense of the National Interest.

THE ARCHETYPAL SOUTH

THE PAVILION, by Stark Young (Scribner's; $2.50).

THESE REMINISCENCES by the drama and art critic and author of *So Red the Rose* might be read as a new landscape of the Faulkner country, painted with a more romantic brush. Stark Young's memory has reached back to a childhood spent at Como and Oxford, Mississippi, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, and he has put his emphasis upon white columns rather than upon white tragedies. His book, which carries on a running, interlinear debate with what might be called Manhattan values, is really a defense of the intangibles that departed with the Old South, the tacit agreed-upons that made for gentle living in the distinguished family to which he was born. Significantly, his book begins with a description of a tiny waterfall near his home, which he says gave him a poetic understanding of all watery things and, together with the rest of his cultural armor, prepared him, as he would not otherwise have been prepared, to view modern life with a classic appreciation of what really matters. This theme—that the Old South gave him a better, a more archetypal education than he could have hoped for under modern conditions—runs through a volume that is slender, elegant and subtly argumentative.

Most of the people he writes about are relatives, and although he may occasionally drop an aside that reveals a darker understanding of them than he cares to pursue, they are treated with a sympathy and a forgiveness that are not at all of the modern temper. His Aunt Julia, for example, whom another writer might irritably have described as suffering from a princess complex, after he had found her giving away a dining-room chair for "some very nice berries" and otherwise wasting money in order to play the great lady—Mr. Young cannot condemn her; he loves her only the more for her ruinous extravagance.

If these accounts appear in general to be seen in the ideal mold or on the side of sentiment, there may be a kind of explanation for that. In our family it was not the practice to talk scandal or to discuss outrageous affairs in the hearing of us young people; it was only after I was grown, in fact, that some of the hair-raising stories to be found in all towns came to my ears.

This is the code of embattled gentility, and a few years ago it would probably have won less respect than it will win today, when there is considerably more skepticism about the urban tradition-lessness that New York represents and that has replaced the old-fashioned agreed-upons which are still so satisfactory to Mr. Young. *The Pavilion* suffers from concretism, an almost adolescent incapacity to abstract realistically from experience, and it also suffers from self-congratulation, but it invokes traditional graces and hard-headed classical insights that no one with culture or imagination would wish to see vanish from the world. Those who have been up-

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rooted socially and wish to be rerooted will not get much of practical value from it, but it is well turned in a way that nowadays only an anachronism can be, and it may serve as a corrective to uncritical modernism. GERALD SYKES

Gerald Sykes, author of The Nice American, has just completed a new novel, The Center of the Stage, and is at work on a critical study of the scientist William H. Sheldon. He grew up in Kentucky and now lives on Long Island.

COWPER AND KEATS

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF WILLIAM COWPER, edited by Mark Van Doren, and THE SELECTED LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS, edited by Lionel Trilling (Farrar, Straus and Young; $3.50 each).

MERELY BY ACCIDENT, perhaps, these first two volumes in the new Great Letters Series sketch parallel lives, which are at the same time representative of two contrasting periods, the eighteenth century and the Romantic Movement. Each series of letters ends in despair and defeat—Cowper's in lethargic melancholy and an irrational conviction that he has perished in God's eyes, Keats's in feverish weakness and an irrational, torturing jealousy. The ground-tones in both are somber. Cowper had walked through hell for many of his 55 years to learn the sad wisdom of: "Hers has been so much a life of affliction, that whatever occurs to her in that shape has not, at least, the terrors of novelty to embitter it." And Keats: "The thought of leaving Miss Brawne is beyond everything horrible—the sense of darkness coming over me—I eternally see her figure eternally vanishing. Is there another Life? Shall I awake and find all this a dream? There must be; we cannot be created for this sort of suffering."

Yet Keats's questions and answer set off the difference between the two men and their two worlds. Cowper lived in a closed world, and closed it tighter about him. As palliatives against his disease of despair, he retired to tea and translation; his task was to praise the sofa, to raise hares, to take country walks, to keep busy at humorous poems and artful letters that would win him the love of his feminine friends, since he was denied the love of God. "My dear cousin," he writes to Lady Hesketh, "dejection of spirits, which I suppose may have prevented many a man from becoming an author, made me one." In contrast, Keats tends by nature toward the romantic expanding universe. " 'If I should die,' said I to myself, 'I have left no immortal work behind me—nothing to make my friends proud of my memory—but I have lov'd the principle of beauty in all things, and if I had had time . . . ' " Or earlier, when Keats held a young man's conviction that he would never marry: "The roaring of the wind is my wife and the Stars through the window pane are my Children. I feel more and more every day, as my imagination strengthens, that I do not live in this world alone but in a thousand worlds."

Editing the personal letters of men prized for their impersonal art is a pleasant task, and has allowed Professors Van Doren and Trilling to introduce their subjects in perceptive essays. Although Van Doren scants the problem of making Cowper's religious terrors understandable (as if today we had thoroughly outgrown original sin), he does justice to the two strains in the poet, his pure gayety and his pure melancholy. And he makes clearer Cowper's delicacy, grace and skill in writing perfect letters that were never designed for a thousand eyes.

Trilling's introduction, one of his profoundest and most shapely pieces of criticism, persuades the reader that through his letters Keats may be seen as a man, a certain kind of man, a hero. Trilling develops "Keats's heroic vision of the tragic life and the tragic salvation," and sets him before us "as the last image of health at the very moment when the sickness of Europe began to be apparent." It is a heavy burden for a young poet to bear, dead at 26, unaware that his letters were to be read by the curious, at times certain only that he had left no immortal work behind him. But in their general vitality and variety, and in their particular high moments, Keats's letters live up to Trilling's heroic portrait. The hero is young, but he is seldom theatrical or mawkish. Three months before the death he had been living with for so long, he could end a last farewell to a friend with rueful humor: "I always made an awkward bow."

The biographical tables, descriptions of correspondents and introductions to each chronological section make these volumes intelligible and self-contained.

DONALD A. STAUFFER

(Continued from page 12)

in the campaign of the regular Democratic Party candidate, Joseph T. Sharkey. As acting mayor, Sharkey was careful to make no appeal for registration. During the official registration week, Sharkey proclaimed the seven days as "baseball week." When it was ended, Sharkey's campaign manager hailed the light registration as a sign of victory.

The post-registration campaign of Sharkey is run on two levels. The high-level attack charges that Halley is besmirching New York City, that he is wrecking the two-party system, that he lacks Sharkey's 30 years of experience in public office. The low-level attack charges that Halley was a lawyer for Fritz Kuhn, Joe McWilliams, the last Nazi ambassador, and that Halley has an uncle who runs a numbers racket. This is the wedding of the Big Lie to the Big Fix.

The Republican candidate, Henry Latham, GOP Representative from Queens, alternately charges Halley with being a Socialist and a Tammany Democrat. When a listener in Times Square indicated that this charge was self-contradictory, Latham shouted that Halley ought to quit jumping around.

Although the registration is low for New York City, an examination of the areas of registration seems to indicate that the long-touted Democratic machine may be crumbling in this fight. A study in New York County shows that the strongest O'Dwyer assembly districts in 1949 turned in the lowest registration percentages this year, while the seven strongest anti-O'Dwyer districts turned in the highest registration percentage this year. If this trend continues up to election day, New York may see a Halley victory and the beginning of a new era of reform government.

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MOVIES

Lack of Perspective

WHEN people observe that the intellectual and artistic standards of the movies are improving, what they usually mean is that the screen is buying its ideas from more respectable sources. One consequence of this improved taste in shopping is that a larger section of the public (and the entire congress of reviewers) can be expected to make comparisons. When Hollywood was dipping into the adventure and confession magazines, the chance of anyone's recognizing the source of inspiration was negligible and irrelevant; but a good many moviegoers know the best-selling novels and the hit plays. What, it is asked, is the screen contributing to these seasonal masterpieces? In most cases, the answer is machinery.

Since little novelty is possible in the content of such movies, the technical virtuosos exert themselves to produce a semblance of freshness, or at least of surprise, with their optical equipment. If the screen were respected as a medium of expression in its own right, the mechanical brilliance of the studios could be at the service of such creative minds as thought in cinematic terms and we could talk without hypocrisy of the art of the film. But there is no art, only a sterile professionalism, in the tactic of grafting visual sensations onto dramatic material never intended for the camera.

The studios appear to best advantage in their magpie activities when, as with *A Streetcar Named Desire*, they transfer the original work as precisely as possible to their more accessible acetate. When they attempt to "give" something to the work at hand, the result is apt to turn out like the present film version of *The Medium*. This psychiatric vaudeville has always seemed to me more notable for its showmanship than for its operatic quality and I am not at all offended by such liberties as the screen has taken with it. In any case it would be awkward to object, for it was directed by Gian-Carlo Menotti, its author and composer. It is nevertheless a disagreeable experience to sit through ninety minutes of what Menotti and his associates have done to renovate the opera. They could not very well introduce cavalry charges, stampeding buffaloes or the Spanish Armada under full canvas into this tale of a dishonest spiritualist driven to despair and murder by ghostly intrusions. But what they could do—and not even Menotti could do it on the stage—was to bring the actors within six inches of the audience's face. If you have ever wished to be breathed on by a diva in spate, *The Medium* is your picture.

The histrionic and vocal excellence of Marie Powers as the distraught soothsayer is unquestionable; Anna Maria Alberghetti, her daughter and confederate, is not eloquent, but she is appealing and pleasant to hear; Leo Coleman, the deaf-mute who suffers the outbursts of Madame Flora's disintegrating imagination, is endowed with the face of an African mask and an ability to tremble with joy and terror like a dog, and other acting gifts are not required of him. But well suited as this trio is for the job at hand, it is no treat to encounter them in the confinement of a closet. I came out of the theatre with a neck stiff from rearing back and convinced that such lines as "come in and sit down" or "where would you be today if I hadn't taken you in off the streets" gain no nobility or operatic authority from being sung by actors who apparently wish to rub noses with me. Belva Kibler, Beverly Dame and Donald Morgan were at once touching and frightening as the fanatic believers in Madame Flora's chicanery.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's arty musical, *An American in Paris*, is another, though different, example of the substitution of the camera for the imagination. The big moment in this extravaganza, written around George Gershwin's music, is a ballet danced through sets inspired by the work of Rousseau, Dufy, Toulouse-Lautrec and other notorious bohemians, and employing a large

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quantity of colored steam bubbling up from the Place de la Concorde fountains, some very tricky editing and a completely pointless choreography written and executed by the insistently masculine Gene Kelly. He is assisted in the dance exercises by Leslie Caron, a French newcomer who is overwhelmingly piquant. It is certainly true that the movies can produce ballet effects impossible on a stage, but that these visual gymnastics are diverting enough to make form and wit and taste unnecessary remains to be proved.

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The rest of the picture, involving Mr. Kelly, Mlle. Caron, Nina Foch and a Keith-Albee Chevalier, Georges Guetary, in a game of amorous chairs, is crass. No excesses of stale cuteness are spared the cast by Vincente Minnelli in his desperate efforts to exact some animation from the spiritless script. Since the picture implicates Gershwin, Oscar Levant is present in his custodian capacity. At one point he takes all the key parts in a symphonic dream à la Walter Mitty, and that is entertaining; for the rest he displays his professional misanthropy and for once the whining is justified.

The British gift for spinning nonsense like a top is displayed again in *The Lavender Hill Mob*, an absurd and hilarious picture that begins to wobble a little only in the last ten or fifteen minutes. Even then, it is only the script that thins—Alec Guinness and his henchman, Sterling Holloway, never give out and never give up. Guinness plays (with what ingenious detail his admirers may imagine) the part of a larcenous elder clerk whose imposing victim is the Bank of England, and Holloway, incredibly bluff as usual, appears as his astonished, delighted, respectful and industrious confederate. When Hollywood sets out to be side-splitting there is a great deal of huffing and puffing and straining on the pulleys; the British seem to do the job between lunch and tea. Not that they always succeed as well as with the master criminals of Lavender Hill.

No Highway in the Sky is a good topical thriller by Nevil Shute (about an unworldly scientist who alone understands why the big airliners are crashing and what he does to save the lives of himself and Marlene Dietrich) and it is too bad that it has been made into one more vehicle for exhibiting the disabilities of James Stewart. It is probable that Stewart was never a great actor, but now he is no actor at all—he has become in his own right as much a screen-serial personality as Dr. Kildare or Mr. Belvedere. He is the village eccentric whose faculties, judging by the deterioration from *The Jackpot* to *Harvey* to *No Highway*, are collapsing with melancholy rapidity.

Stewart has a native charm and I suspect he really has brains. It would be a good thing for him and for us if next time he were invited to play a Prussian major or a titan of industry. That might possibly get the curve out of his spine, the slack out of his jaw and enable him to answer briskly when asked the day of the week.

ROBERT HATCH

MUSIC

San Francisco Opera

TWO BRONZE PLAQUES adorn the stately foyer of the War Memorial Opera House in San Francisco. One, at the right of the main door, commemorates the sessions in 1946 at which the United Nations came into existence. The other, at the left, recalls the opening performance in the opera house in 1932, when the incomparable Claudia Muzio sang the title part of Puccini's *Tosca.*

The dual role of the opera house as a home for political and artistic events almost led to serious difficulties last month. The twenty-ninth annual season of the San Francisco Opera Association was scheduled to open on September 18, just ten days after the day appointed for the signing of the Japanese peace treaty. When the news came that the Russian delegation would attend the conference, a wave of despair swept over the opera management. What if Gromyko should succeed in stalling the enterprise, keeping the delegates immured in the opera house for additional days, or even weeks? Nobody admired Secretary Acheson's firm administration of the meetings more ardently than Gaetano Merola, the general director of the opera association.

The opera company is a cherished symbol of the cultural leadership San Francisco has long maintained in the West. No other American city supports an extensive operatic repertory given with casts and musical standards comparable to those of New York's

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Metropolitan. No other American city, including New York and Chicago, with its skyscraper behemoth of a Civic Opera House, possesses so handsome and well-equipped an opera house as this one, built with $5 million of the taxpayers' money.

Moreover, the opera remains the center of the social life of San Francisco, as it was in New York and Chicago a generation ago. Evening dress is *de rigueur* not merely on opening night but at all ten of the Tuesday and Friday subscription performances. The Opera Ball and Fol-de-Rol, in which the stars of the company present light entertainment (this year rotund Salvatore Baccaloni, in levis and chaps, sang a cowboy song that brought the house down), is one of the gala events of the year, with tables bringing as much as $200 apiece to the fund for school children's opera matinees.

Under the shrewd guidance of Merola, who has been in charge since the beginning, the company has its own discernible artistic profile, even though many of the principal singers are borrowed from the Metropolitan. The repertory this fall contained Moussorgsky's *Boris Godounov*, Verdi's *La Forza del Destino*, Beethoven's *Fidelio* and Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*, none of which are in the current lists at the Metropolitan. The staff of conductors—Fausto Cleva, Erich Leinsdorf and Paul Breisach were the chief ones—was unusually fine. The chorus, rehearsed for six months in advance by Kurt Herbert Adler, sang as well as any opera ensemble in the world and looked younger and handsomer than any other one. The orchestra in the pit was the musically sensitive San Francisco Symphony, seasoned through many years under the direction, during the concert series that follows upon the close of the opera, of Pierre Monteux.

An impresario with a mind of his own, Merola delights in presenting artists in San Francisco who have not yet been discovered by the Metropolitan. Last year he imported from Italy the rising tenor Mario del Monaco, who was signed for the forthcoming Metropolitan season on the strength of his success in San Francisco, and the enchanting soprano Renata Tebaldi, who unfortunately was not. This fall he added to the reputation of his company by introducing the 32-year-old Russian-Italian bass Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, whose first American operatic appearance as the mad czar in *Boris Godounov* was electrifying.

A singing actor of dominating power and wide theatrical and musical resource, Rossi-Lemeni is the most impressive interpreter of the tremendous role of Boris we have heard since the retirement of Feodor Chaliapin. From his regal entrance in the coronation scene—he is six feet two and sturdy—to the final spiritual disintegration of the death scene, he projected the character with unbroken, mounting intensity, capping the climax with a corkscrew fall from his raised throne that sent a gasp through the audience. His vocalism, with both Slavic and Italian tinges, was wholly absorbing in its range of color and volume. Two days later, as the Abbott in *La Forza del Destino*, he showed that he could handle a quiet, undemonstrative role with equal dramatic fidelity and that he could sing Italian music with a beautiful, live, legato line. Rossi-Lemeni seems destined to become one of the great operatic artists of our time.

The other performances I saw in San Francisco were less sensational than *Boris*, although Lily Pons, in clothes said to have cost $20,000, sang Violetta in *La Traviata* for the first time in her career. But all of them were in most musical respects quite satisfying, and the co-operative backstage atmosphere at the opera house gave the artists a feeling of teamwork. The staging and lighting were mostly on a hack level, and some of the settings and costumes were hideous, but the San Francisco audience, like that in Cincinnati, assumes uncomplainingly that opera productions are usually eyesores.

Despite its visual defects, the San Francisco Opera is eminently a project worth cherishing. If it were not, the raising of $125,000 to meet the deficit of a five-week season would be far more of a problem than it is. CECIL SMITH

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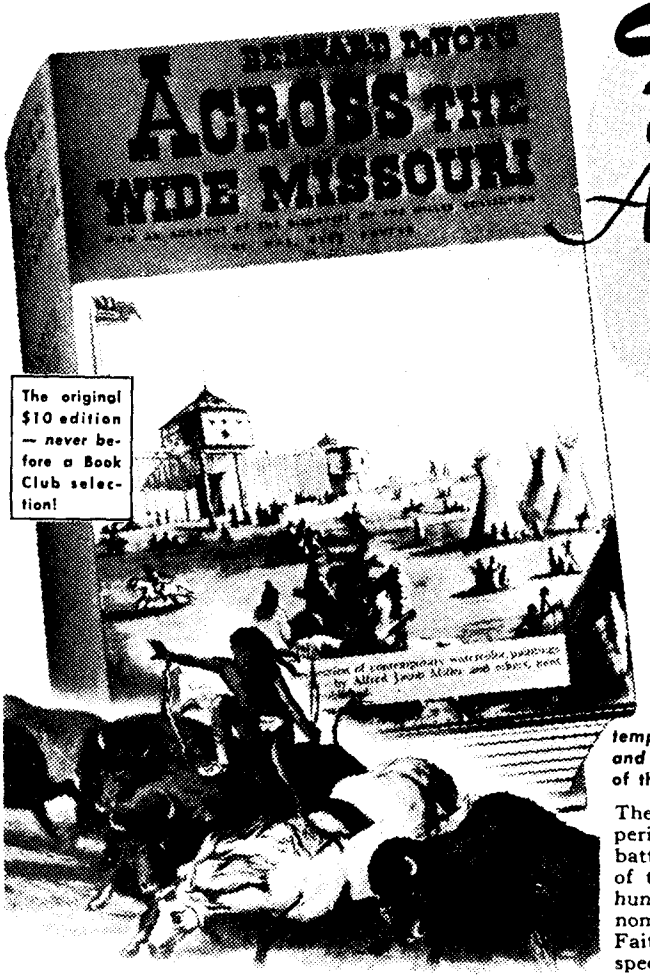

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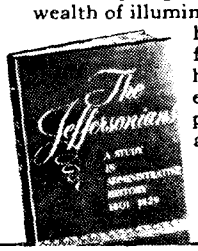

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